

Late October, 1845.

It is a lovely day in the Arctic, and
you are a ~~horrible fraud~~ handsome,
dashing commander, deciding how to
occupy the rest of the afternoon.

To stay on Erebus, turn to page 2.

To visit Beechey Island, turn to
page 3.

To visit North Devon Island, turn
to page 4.

Everything has settled smoothly into winter quarters, and now that you're finished with your duties for the day, there's not much left for you to do on Erebus.

But perhaps someone else needs a hand with something?

You'll go pester Dundy.

Turn to page 5.

You'll go visit Goodsir.

Turn to page 6.

As you make your way towards Beechey Island, you hear a noise behind you. It sounds like someone is following you from the ships.

You turn to see who it is.

Turn to page 7.

You keep walking.

Turn to page 8.

North Devon Island is windswept and icy,
and the cliffs loom over everything. The
temporary huts for magnetic observations look
like child's toys beneath them.

Now that you're here, you:

Take another set of magnetic
observations.

Turn to page 9.

Go for a hike.

Turn to page 10.

You find Dundy hard at work editing this week's edition of The North Devon News. You started the newspaper only a few weeks ago, but it has already proved popular enough that you had to ask him to pitch in with reading and copying out submissions.

You lend a hand with editing.

Turn to page 11.

You remember that one submission hasn't arrived yet: yours.

Turn to page 12.

No phenomena in a bucket today - the
sickbay is bustling. Goodsir is busy:

Torrington's cough doesn't sound good,
and you decide that now isn't the time
to interrupt.

Instead, you:

Go see what Dundy is up to.

Turn to page 5.

See if Sir John needs anything.

Turn to page 21.

Get some fresh air.

Turn to page 8.

It's Neptune! He wags his tail and barks
when he sees you looking. What a good boy.

You pet him and then continue
on your way.

Turn to page 8.

You take him with you, of course.

Turn to page 15.

In the relative warmth of the afternoon,
Beechey Island is a lively, busy place. You're
walking around, observing the activities,
when you hear shouts from two different
directions.

You head towards the storehouse.

Turn to page 13.

You head towards the forge.

Turn to page 14.

You're not the only one taking magnetic observations - you duck into the tiny makeshift hut only to find that Captain Crozier is there too. He doesn't look happy. (Does he ever?)

You ignore him and take your own observations.

Turn to page 18.

You talk to him.

Turn to page 19.

A good hike is just what you need. Where
do you want to go?

Uphill. It's a steep slope but the
view will be worth it.

Turn to page 16.

Along the shore towards the cape. It's
several miles, but you'll walk briskly.

Turn to page 17.

There's a small pile of unread contributions remaining; after doodling an idea for an illustration, you help Dundy copy them out. Some of the handwriting is very familiar - you recognize Bridgens's on a lovely little poem - but you won't tell.

Turn to page 30.

You still haven't finished your own contribution to this week's paper - you should devote some time to it today.

Dundy looks like he has everything well in hand, so you leave him to it.

Turn to page 31.

Apparently Neptune has made off with some meat from the storehouse. Someone really should keep a better eye on that dog. He's heading out across the harbor ice with his ill-gotten prize.

You go after him.

Turn to page 28.

You send one of the men after him.

Turn to page 30.

On reaching the forge, you find yourself in the middle of a snowball fight between the Hartnell brothers and a handful of Terrors. A mis-aimed snowball almost takes your hat off.

That's as good as an invitation - you join in at once!

Turn to page 29.

You leave them to it.

Turn to page 20.

Neptune is very interested in the storehouses
on Beechy, especially the one that contains
the remains of the recently shot musk-ox. Best
not to take him that way. You'll walk out
along the cape on North Devon instead.

Turn to page 17.

The North Devon cliffs are deserted save
for a single gull. You look back down at the
harbor, "As a man, who climbs the utmost steep/
And shuddering views below the misty deep."

Though it's a rather nice view, actually.

It's starting to get dark, and you can feel
the temperature dropping.

You should hurry back.

Turn to page 26.

There's time; you don't need
to rush.

Turn to page 27.

You walk out to the cairn at the cape.
It's a long way, but you don't mind, and
once you're there you pause and look out at
the frozen ocean for a while. The sun is
already setting. The ice has lost its novelty,
but not its beauty.

As the sun sets, it gets colder.

You head back the way you came.

Turn to page 27.

You take a shortcut across the
harbor.

Turn to page 28.

Taking readings with your terrible Fox
needle is still difficult, and you're sure
Crozier has noticed. He doesn't seem to be
having any trouble. When he packs up his
instruments and leaves, you're more
relieved than you'd like to admit.

Turn to page 24.

He's busy, but that's no reason for you not to be polite. And you'll gain the moral high ground.

You ask him about his
magnetic observations.

Turn to page 22.

You ask him about Arctic birds.

Turn to page 23.

You really shouldn't - the dignity of rank, and all that. What would Sir John think?

Then you notice a Terror sneaking up on John Hartnell, and you can't just stand there. You throw a snowball of your own, and catch the Terror squarely on the shoulder.

Turn to page 29.

Sir John is reading over his memoir
justifying his conduct in Van Diemen's Land
again. He asks you for your thoughts on a
few of the passages. It's a bit late for
that - the memoir was published shortly after
you sailed - but you humor him.

Turn to page 30.

You ask Crozier how his magnetic observations are getting on. He gives you a look that pins you like an insect on a card, says, "Slowly." and leaves.

Truly, you've never met a more cheerless man.

Turn to page 24.

You mention having seen a fulmar on the walk over. It's not the most scintillating of remarks, but it prompts a short conversation on birds, both Arctic and Antarctic - Crozier sounds almost wistful as he describes wrangling penguins. You finish up your respective observations in a cordial silence.

Turn to page 25.

As you trudge back to the ships in the near-dark, you try not to dwell on it.

Next week's issue of The North Devon News features a zoological description of a strange creature, neither fish nor fowl, that leads a solitary existence and snaps at any who try to approach it. Dundy thinks it's hilarious, though publishing it may not have been your best judgment. But you can't imagine that Crozier reads your newspaper, so he's not likely to notice.

The end.

When you dine with Sir John that evening,
you're astonished to find Crozier there as
well. Even Sir John looks surprised. He
doesn't say much, and he drinks like a
fish, but the evening isn't unpleasant.
Maybe there's hope for him becoming
tolerable company after all.

The end.

The descent is steeper than you'd expected;
you try to keep your balance, but lose
your footing and roll most of the way down.
You have to rescue your hat from a
snowdrift, and your arm feels funny
for the next few days, but no harm done.
In fact, if you could fashion some of the
old crates into sledges, you could have
some capital races...

The end.

Your long walk back to Erebus is cold,
but uneventful.

Next week's issue of The North Devon
News features some lines composed while
contemplating the sea ice at sunset. It's
a bit of a departure from your usual style
(you still haven't finished the epic in
rhyming couplets) but you're quite proud
of it.

The end.

The ice was much thinner than you had anticipated - oops! Good thing Neptune was nearby to help drag you out.

You catch a terrible cold from your impromptu dip, but persuade Dr.

Stanley not to put you on the sick list.

This is nothing compared to malaria or cholera, right? No one needs to know.

The end.

The ensuing snowball fight lasts several hours, involves most of the people on Beechey, and produces some stunning snow fortifications, not to mention some excellent tactical stratagems from you and Graham.

The Eremites rout the Terrors at last - how could they not? - and you return to the ship with snow down your collar and the satisfaction of an afternoon well-spent.

The end.

The rest of the day is uneventful.

After dining with Sir John, you spend a quiet evening in your cabin, working on a letter to the Coninghams. There won't be an opportunity to post it for quite some time, but you like keeping a journal for them. Maybe you can hand-deliver it - you're still planning on walking back across Siberia once

The expedition reaches the Bering Straits.

The end.

Your latest contribution to the paper is an epic description of the last few months' voyage, in rhyming couplets. It needs a bit more work (you're having trouble finding a rhyme for "Goldner's") but you're sure it will make a splash. You spend the rest of the afternoon working on it.

The end.